The surprise lilies have sprung up in the yard again this year. They were aptly named. Last year they came up and we had never noticed them before.

Kari said "LOOK!" and put one in her hair...

and I said "Oh wow! We have surprise lilies!"

"Is that what they're really called?"

"Yea"

"Well, guess what?! I'm surprised! haha".

I looked at them today and remembered this time last year. You can just about set the clock by the time they come up,

August 1st 2018.

She was deep in addiction. It had gotten bad, and I felt trapped and hopeless. She had woken up that day sick and needed me to take care of it. I cried. I cried a lot. Almost every day. I think she thought I was going to kick her out or leave her at some point... I know she talked to people on the internet and told them that I was toxic... not because I was, but because she was... and she couldn't get the response and sympathy she craved being the problem. So I was. Her mind was not in its top form. She often acted paranoid and spacey. She was always nodding and her sweet voice had changed into the dry crackle of an old woman.

She basically wouldn't look at me until I agreed to get her the stuff. Nothing I could say would change that. But I know it's tough to come off of that stuff. I was sober at this time last year. I had done the hardest thing to do and kicked an IV fentanyl habit. I showed her it could be done. But now she was in bed and scarcely moving... looking like hell and not talking to me until I get her the stuff she needed. So I dried my tears and headed out the door, a head full of worry and hopeless anger. I called her while I was on the way... upset. This wasn't my life... it wasn't what she had promised me. The PDA's and Facebook posts to each other had dried up and this thing consumed both of us.

I didn’t even log into Facebook anymore, but to do business and maybe post the occasional gig... when we could actually play one, which as rare. This beautiful thing was now something horrible. I told her that if she wasn’t going to change that I was just going to get back on it with her. She hated that. She hated me on it. It annoyed her so bad. But the things she hated in me being on it, were the same that I hated in her... but with me, I could quit, and she REALLY resented that. I had a choice and could stop when I wanted... and never wanted to do it again, not that it was easy... but I knew I could. Like now... I only needed her to die to prove it to myself and everyone who thought I would be next... or first. She knew this and we’d be together in the same room fixing up our hit and she would look over at me with something akin to disgust... “why are you even doing this? You aren’t even an ADDICT! You’re so stupid!” And maybe I was. But I missed her... and it made me miss her less. It made me feel closer to her, even if it was fucked up in every way imaginable. "I will follow you back down into hell again darling, until the day you come out with me, or die trying. I lay my life at your feet"... that always shut her up!

Our life had been a fairy tale up until that year. Public displays of affection. Engagement. Lots of shows to play. My rock star wife. People telling me I had the most beautiful wife, and BOY could she sing! Love notes and flowery texts. The best drug in the world was her love and I could never want for anything else. But she always fell back and I eventually would crack... the depression of seeing her like that was unbearable... if she was going to be like this, I was going to be like this. I was already copping for her twice a day. We were so fucking lucky. So goddam lucky. In love and with this great house that we somehow still have... I work like a dog to pay the bills and keep her in drugs... but I’m at the point of not caring.

“I’m off, baby”

“Thank God! Are you going to Slim?”

“I tried him, but his phone is shut off”

“Fuck! Did you try a couple times, he could be talking to someone”

“yea... many times... it didn’t even ring”

“FUCK!”

“I’m gonna try Dreadlock Mike”

“Wasn’t his stuff bad last time?”

“I don’t know who else to try? You said that B’s stuff was shit, and we owe Black money still... I gotta use Dread”

“Ok... I love you. I’ll see you in a bit. Be careful!”

I make the calls and arrange the pickup. He’s ready and it takes hardly any time at all. But the stuff looks wrong. My stomach fills with dread. It’s wrong, I can just tell. It’s chalk white and his stuff is never white. I try a taste and it tastes like nothing. I dump the contents onto my thumbnail and sniff it and wait for the drain. It’s bunk.

“Dread sold me bunk.”

“I TOLD you not to go to him!”

“You didn’t know who else to go to baby...I did what I could.”

“FUCK! I’m SICK, Sean! What are we gonna do?”

“We could stop? It’ll suck for a few days, but you have TWO packs of sub strips in your nightstand! Do you know how many people would KILL for two full packs of SUBS??”

“Do you have enough for more, tonight?”

“No... I had to pay the cable bill. I’m broke until I work tomorrow”

“So go to the bank and pull out more!”

“If I do that, I’ll get charged an overdraft if I don’t replace it tomorrow!”

“Just do it Sean! Please!? I promise I’ll stop tomorrow!”

“You’ve said that every day and every night for the last two months, baby... do you know how bad I want to believe you? Bad enough to do this another two YEARS if I knew you were actually going to do it!”

“I promise this is the last time!”

“Fuck... whatever... I guess this is my life. OK. I’m gonna try those guys by the fence... they’re always good in a spot”

My head and heart feel like they’re bleeding internally... I’m pissed, sad, scared and worried... this can’t be my life. I feel desperate. I feel like I’m caving... I can’t do it anymore.

I dial her again and she answers sounding already agitated,

“yes???”

“I’m doing some too”

“What? You mean drugs??”

“Yea”

“Sean, NO! You’ve got 6 months! You’ve got to stay clean for your Dr Appointment! NO! You’re not!”

“You can’t stop me!”

“So that means I’m going to get less?”

“We’re going to split what I get”

“FUCKING GREAT, SEAN! I am stuck in this house all day and I get SO depressed and now you’re going to start again?”

“This isn’t my life, Kari. This isn’t what I signed on for. If you’re going to be fucked up, you’re going to live with me being fucked up. That’s the rules. I do the work. I get the money, I make the rules!”

“Fuck you, Sean! I had a perfectly good job that you made me quit!”

“You were using your money to get drugs and then making me pay for your gas and the drugs you needed for the times you didn’t have any and had to work... that wasn’t a job, it was an excuse for you to do even MORE drugs!”

“So YOU fuck up getting dope tonight, and I have to suffer?”

“We both get to suffer... except now we’re just taking turns! You tell me every day this is the last time... I’m sick of it! What are you planning on doing?... making me a nervous wreck and not fit for anyone else and then DUMP me when I finally decide I don’t want to do this anymore?? You’ve had more chances than any person I’ve ever known and this is the way you want to be... well... move over, you’ve got company!”

I was screaming the last part into the phone with the phone held out a foot in front of me before I hung up. And as soon as I did, the text messages started... Kari at her worst. Us at the lowest point in our fairy tale love story.

I pulled the money out of the bank and went to the boys at the fence. They were waiting for me. They told me it was fire this time. They were pretty good at their word. I told them I hoped they were right. The whole time my text messages chiming with her telling me how selfish I am and apparently not worried about me at all. She will be.

I got home and walked into a silent house. “Are you home?”

“yes”

“I’m in the back room”

“I know”

I walk in and she lays into me right away. I look at her, my eyes bloodshot and face swollen and red from crying.

She quiets down when she sees me.

“Why are you so upset?”

I gave her her half of the pills. And grab a rig.

“I can’t believe you’re going to be stupid and do this again! Really??”

I look at her coldly and she shifts uncomfortably.

I open 8 pills.

“You’re not going to do all of that!”

In seconds they’re loaded up.

“Sean! Stop! Talk to me... please!”

I hit it quick, my veins are fresh and eager for action... unlike hers... and I pop it fast.

“I’m sorry Sean!”

“I’m sorry too”

Then nothing.

Then I feel drops of water on my face. Tepid. I feel her hair on my face. My arms are heavy and hard to lift.

She is leaning over me, her hair brushing my face as she makes strange noises I’ve never heard her make. She kisses me strangely. I want to kiss her back, but I’m so heavy. And then she blows air into my mouth.

She’s breathing for me. But doesn’t know that I’m awake. I manage to lift my arms and sluggishly grab her head and she shrieks! “SEAN!”

I grab her and pull her close and kiss her. It’s the first kiss I’ve had in a moths... I cry thinking about it now. Maybe the best one I’ve ever had. She keeps making small noises... but I just keep kissing her until she kisses me back. Her face wet, her hair tangled in mine... her lips hot and puffy.

“I. want. you. back.”... I tell her, spacing out the words with an uncontrollable tremor in my voice.

“ok! ok, baby. I’m sorry!”

I look over and see the bottle of Narcan I knew she had. I remembered her getting it a month earlier from the clinic. I didn’t realize she would run around in a blind panic trying to remember where she put it while I turned blue. A slight miscalculation on my part. Sometimes you do crazy stuff to get your woman back. This was crazy. But I always thought we would beat the odds. I never thought one of us wouldn’t make it back.

I wait for a while and feel strong enough to crawl to our bedroom. I wait for her to come in to me. I pray to whatever god will listen that this changes things. Because I just threw my life at her feet. That has to count for something.

I know... sounds like a bad novel. Maybe it is. But it’s my life... or at least part of it. I have the texts saved from that night.

She did change after this. We did get sober again. She did want it. She never stopped wanting it. She forever was scared after this, that I would die and she would be left alone. It scared her more than her own mortality, until her last day... I miss her. I did this. I think of this all the time. How it could have been me. Mayne it should have been me. But I did it for her. I deserved my happiness and I just wanted her. I still just want her. The dream I had earlier... it was about this. About that kiss. That crazy kiss that started with her breathing for me. Hard to forget that shit. Hard to live with it in your head, as well. And those fucking dreams...

Kari and Sean - Addiction (The song) (2018)

https://archive.org/details/some-more-of-you-w-guitar_202006